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We desire it to be distinctly understood that no advertisements will be inserted in the columns of THE CARBON ADVOCATE...

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Not and Shoe Makers. Station Street, in Lehigh Valley. All orders promptly filled—work guaranteed.

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The Carbon Advocate. INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor. VOL. VII, No. 51. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1879. \$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance. If not paid in advance, \$1.25.

Railroad Guide.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD. Arrangement of Passenger Trains. OCTOBER 27th. 1879. Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows: For Philadelphia, 7:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., and 4:30 p.m.

A. D. Mosser, Manufacturer of and Dealer in STOVES, RANGES AND HEATERS.

THE MAYFLOWER RANGE, THE SUNSHINE RANGE, and the NEW ANCHOR HEATER. Also selling the VERY "HEA" for cash.

Central Carriage Works.

The Machinery is a new and of the best and most improved kind. We have on hand a large stock of harnesses, and all kinds of repairs.

THE SLATINGTON PLANING MILL.

AND Cabinet Ware Factory, AT SLATINGTON. JOHN BALLIET, Proprietor. Deals in all kinds and sizes of Pine, Hemlock and Hard Wood Lumber.

Dressed Lumber.

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Shutters, Mouldings, Cabinet Ware, &c., with roofboards. JOHN BALLIET, Proprietor.

Brackets Made to Order.

The Machinery is a new and of the best and most improved kind. We have on hand a large stock of harnesses, and all kinds of repairs.

WHAT HANDSOME GOODS!

AND WHAT A SPLENDID VARIETY! Is the Universal Verdict of all who Examine the Latest Novelties.

E. F. LUCKENBACH.

Two Doors Below the "Broadway House" in Lehigh Valley, Pa. Dealers in all Patterns of Plain and Fancy Wall Papers.

MAUCH CHUNG.

Dealers in all Patterns of Plain and Fancy Wall Papers, Paints & Painters' Supplies.

No Patent—No Pay. PATENTS.

obtained for Inventors in the United States, Canada and Europe, at reduced rates. With our original office located in Washington, D.C.

DAVID EBBERTS.

Livery & Sale Stables. All kinds of COACHES, CARRIAGES, and SADDLERY. Also, harnesses and repairs.

Look out for the Wagon!

At MAUCH CHUNG, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. LEHIGHTON, PA. PATENT every other day.

Important to Farmers!!

The undersigned calls the attention of Farmers and others to the fact that he now manufactures, in connection with H. V. MORTIMER, a superior article of Super-Phosphate!

CALCINED MAGNESIA.

FOUR FIRST PREMIUM MEDALS AWARDED. For sale in Government stamped bottles, at 10¢ per lb. T. J. HUSBAND, JR., PHILADELPHIA.

MEAT MARKET!

Bank Street, Lehigh Valley, Pa. CHARLES KIPP, Proprietor. Charles Kipp desires to call attention of his friends and customers to the fact that he has secured the best of the market.

CHRISTMAS PROPHESIES.

As Christmasday comes this year on Thursday, the following quotation from an ancient MSS. in the British Museum, is pertinent for publication at the outset of winter as prophesying events the approaching winter:

It Xmas day on Thursday be, A windy winter 'till shall be, Windy weather in each week, And hard temperance, strong and thick, The summer shall be good and dry, Corn and beasts shall multiply, That year is good for lands to till, King and Princes shall die by skill, It shall be a child to on that day shall be, It shall happen right well for her, Of death he shall be good and stable, Wife of speech and reasonable, Whom that day goes thine about, He shall be a child to on that day shall be, And if sickness that day be, It shall quickly from the child.

Maud's Love Story.

A long, pulsing July day was come to its sunset, and the fervent heat that crowned the sunning hours since early morning was giving way to a soft westerly breeze.

"And why don't you accept the offer? Wouldn't you like to make the fortune?" Courtney laughed. "I would not care to go so far south; I am not enough of a salamander, I fear. Besides, I think, I am in a fair way to make a better spec here at home with my pictures."

"You are actually giving me your chance? Will the firm take in your yard?" "There's not a doubt of it, if I recommend you. Will you accept? There's not enough time to do more than to decide. The ship sails to-night at eleven o'clock from New York, and you've only time to pack a trunk and catch the train to the city."

"You would see I am right, if you only would see, Neal. As it is, you make only just enough to take care of yourself; then how would it be when you are saddled with the extra expense of a wife? As we are, I am well enough cared for, and I can be very happy as lovers—only until I can see my way clear to come to you, dear, and not be a burden, as I would be now. Do you understand?"

"Such a loving, appealing look as she gave him. But he curled his lips haughtily. "Do I understand? Perfectly! Poor people have no right to be happy, and you don't care very much for a poor husband." "Oh, Neal, don't be so harsh! You know you love me; and no other one in all this world, rich or poor, will ever hear me tell him so!"

"He was sufficiently convinced by her argument to be angry at its correctness; so he said: "I will do my best for you, if you will do your best for me." "You prove your words very accurately. Women who love, generally desire not to prolong their engagement. Or perhaps you have some practical suggestion to offer."

"A little, faint, deprecating blush bloomed on Maud's cheeks. "I did mean to talk of a chance for you, Neal; but you are so sarcastic and—er—er." "Not at all! Cannot a fellow ever be in earnest? What is it, Maud?" She sent a shy, anxious glance to his face. "It is the farmhand in the Manhattan Mills, Neal, and the salary is—"

"Neal Howard's eyes flashed out of his dishevelled hair, and he pressed his handsome lips a second, then interrupted her. "You seem to forget I at least lay claim to the position of a gentleman friend! A foreman in a factory? Thank you! I prefer my present position as tutor, even at the risk of your displeasure." She colored deeply; and yet the look she gave him was eloquent with love and womanly sweetness.

"I want you to do just as you think best, Neal. I only mean that I do think a man is bound to do the very best he can for himself." "So he is but not at the sacrifice of his self-respect. A foreman in a factory! Maud, I am astonished!" "Very well, then, dear; consider I have said nothing to annoy you. As I said at the beginning, I will patiently, cheerfully wait, until—"

"He interrupted her hotly. "There shall be no waiting! You do not love me, you mean to rid yourself of me as gracefully as you can. You are free, you will not be annoyed by having to wait for me!" And he plunged away into the little woody dell near where they stood, and his quick, angry footsteps were crashing through underbrush and over twigs, as Maud stood where he had left her, her face pale and dazed, then pitifully flushing as the hot tears rushed to her eyes.

"He is angry with me, and I mean so well! He will come back—I know he will come back, when his anger subsides, and admit that I was right, or, at least, innocent of offense." And she went slowly back to the farm house, the sweetest strain falling off her face. "Mr. Courtney!" Neal Howard uttered the name in a surprised sort of way, as he looked lightly over a thick, low hedge of tangled hollyhock, he came full upon Fred Courtney and his sketching paraphernalia, under the shade of a big tree.

"The handsome young artist lifted a pair of black eyes, that were just a little deprecating in their smiling expression. "I'm sorry to have been so stupidly near at hand, Howard, I declare; but what was a fellow to do? I'm sorry, 'pon my word, that I was an eavesdropper; and yet, Howard—"

Lucinda, or the Elopement.

A horrible tale that I have to unfold About Cesar Augustus, a young man so bold, A ragseller's heiress he sought for his bride, And Lucinda, he swore, was the heart of his pride.

"Now, Alphonse De Bahdon, a villainous wretch, And butler of toments rode by in his gig, He became so excited when this maid he did spy, That he winked with his mouth and spoke with his eye.

"Cried he: 'Lonely maiden, if thou'lt fly with me, A beautiful present I'll make unto thee: He held up a sassafer to his arms she did spy; He tossed up his whip and laid Cesar good-bye.

"Cried Cesar: 'False maiden, my rival shalt be, 'Tis mine, I'll be sworn, to have thee for my bride; So he went to the boneyard and borrowed a mule, Said he, 'I'll go faster if I run by his side; So he took round the rope of his mule to the field.

"In a day and a night he had made a whole mile, When for grim satisfaction he gave a loud yell; In a hole got his steed, and could not stir a pin; When he hacked off the mule of his knife with a leg.

"As Cesar trudged onward he soon came in sight, Of Alphonse and Cindy, whose teeth shook with fright, The cold sweat came through them like ice through a bag, And they pulled out their chin to wipe off a rag.

"When Cesar came up Don Alphonse drew his knife, And he cried, 'Bloody Cesar, thou seekest my life!' 'Base villain!' cried Cesar, 'thy doom has been read!' And he chopped off the knife of Alphonse with his head.

"Then turning to Cindy, he said, 'Furrowed maid, Thy villainous lover thou'lt follow, thou jade, Now, treacherous beast, my vengeance pursue!' So he dashed out her shoe with brain of his shoe.

"Then Cesar pulled out a red satin necktie, Then his hat and coat on a nail hung to dry, 'Now I've nothing to live for, I've cleaned So he, Maud, himself up to the tree of a tree, Now a ghastly procession at midnight is seen, Don Alphonse and Cindy, all decked out in green, The assassin, Augustus, behind on their track, And cuffs for two on the male of his back.

"THIS AND THAT. A minister up at Oshkosh, Cribbed a sermon from Dr. McCosh, And he said, 'I'll read the article; but to philosophy's heights That his listeners said it was, Toledo Blade.

"Perhaps Cesar intended to say, 'Ute Brutus—' A girl may smile and smile, and be unwilling still, —Highest approbation—Applause from the gallery. —'I am a broken man,' said a poet, 'So I should think,' was the answer, 'for I have seen your pieces.'

"A music seller announced in his window a sentimental song, 'Thou hast loved and left me' for three cents. —It was the proprietor of a Bessemer Furnace who first rejoiced when he met 'a foreman worthy of his steel.' —'What have you to remark about my singing?' asked an irate vocalist. 'Nothing,' replied a spectator, 'it is not remarkable as the other day.'

"I have no use for one," replied the customer. "But you should always look into the misty future," persisted the gloke peddler. "Next winter you will want to make holes in your boots, so you can get your skates on." "I use club skates—no straps required." "You may want to screw some boards to together to make a sled, with a hammer of driving the screws in with a hammer of the long of the screw, as it were." "Nothing to do, sir." "This ginnet acts as a corkcrew." "I don't want it." "It also may be used as a tack hammer, a cigar holder and a toothbrush." "I don't want it."

"It has an eraser, a pen, an inkstand, a table for computing compound interest and a luncheon attachment. 'I can't help it; I don't want it.' 'I know you don't; you are one of those men that won't buy a ginnet unless it has a restaurant and a trip through Europe and an Italian opera company attached. You're the kind of a man who would live near an electric light to save a gas bill. As the carver man walked out with his mental plums on the perpendicular.

Job Printing.

AT VERY LOW PRICES. Terms: \$1.00 per Annum in Advance.

ROMANTIC LIFE. The romantic vicissitudes of the early life of the Countess Solange de Kramer have once more become the talk of the Paris salons, and they are, indeed, extraordinary that, used as materials for a novel, they would spoil the book by their lack of verisimilitude.

One night, in 1861, a little girl about one year old was deposited in the drawer of the Countess Solange de Kramer. She was dressed with much finery, and a note, attached to her skirts, told that her name was Solange, and that she would be reclaimed by her father. The claim was never made, however, and in due time the child was transferred to the orphan asylum, to be educated there. As she grew up, she developed a most extraordinary beauty, but her intellect appeared to be very weak, and she suffered from frequent nervous fits.

When she was twelve years old she was sent out into the streets to sell flowers, and her beauty and modesty attracted many people's good will, but she grew weaker and weaker, and at last died. According to French customs she was buried in an open basket, and was laid into the grave, only covered with a thin layer of soil. During the night she awoke and, pushing the soil away, she crept out from the grave. Not exactly understanding what had taken place, she was not very much frightened, but in crossing the glass between her establishment and her father's house, she was suddenly stopped by the outcry: 'Qui vive?' and she did not answer, the sentinel fired, and she fell to the ground. Brought into the guard-house, her wound was found to be slight, and she soon recovered, but her singular history, and also her great beauty had made so deep an impression on a young lieutenant of the garrison (Kramer), that he determined to be her protector, and send her to one of the most fashionable educational establishments in Paris. During the next few years Kramer was much teased about by the war, but when in 1878 he returned to Paris, he found Solange a full-grown woman, not only beautiful, but accomplished and spirited, with no trace of intellectual weakness or nervous fits. He married her, and for some time was exceedingly happy in Paris. In the month of August, 1881, in the Foundling Hospital at Paris, and at those investigations were made by a Swedish Ambassador, and in a somewhat official manner they attracted some attention. Capt. Kramer heard about the affair, and sent a note to the ambassador, and a month later on, the ambassador came to Paris to bring Maud Kramer a formal acknowledgment of her father, the former Gen. Bernadotte, the present King Charles XIV. of Sweden. Capt. Kramer and his wife went immediately to Stockholm; they were married, etc., and their son has just now been appointed attaché to the Swedish Legation at Paris.—N. Y. Times.

Get Out Doors. The close confinement of all factory work, gives the operative pallid face, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Hop Bitters, the purest and best remedy, especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine, and dry clothes in the open air. They cost but a trifle, save another column.—Christian Record.

A Versatile Gimeter. "I should like to sell you a gimeter," said a careworn-looking man as he walked into an office the other day. "I have no use for one," replied the customer. "But you should always look into the misty future," persisted the gloke peddler. "Next winter you will want to make holes in your boots, so you can get your skates on." "I use club skates—no straps required." "You may want to screw some boards to together to make a sled, with a hammer of driving the screws in with a hammer of the long of the screw, as it were." "Nothing to do, sir." "This ginnet acts as a corkcrew." "I don't want it." "It also may be used as a tack hammer, a cigar holder and a toothbrush." "I don't want it."

Constitution Cured. An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, he felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to the needy and afflicted, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by enclosing a stamp, naming this paper, W. S. Searles, 141 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. H.